

than their neighbor. When asked to do something for Jesus they say, "Let Mary and James go." They have no time, they are worked to death they say, when in fact they have the "dry-rot." They invert the old adage and make it read, "One had better rust out than wear out." Christian growth comes when we exercise. The muscles of the arm grow only when they are used. Your brain will not grow except it be used.

Nothing will help your benevolence so much as taking out of your economy a sack of flour to a worthy poor person. Nothing will help you to grow in kindness and sympathy so much as going and spending an hour or a night with a poor, helpless sick one. Nothing will help you so much in true Christian growth and vitality as spending an hour seeking to save a lost soul.

The active, working Christian grows, the one who practices mercy grows in mercy. The one who tells the truth grows in truth-telling. The one who exercises in righteousness grows therein. The one who *works* for Jesus *grows* in Jesus. Then let us see to it that our spiritual birth is from above. That we keep a good appetite for God and Godly things, that we eat the good Jesus deals out to us, that we breathe heavens pure air, that we keep ourselves clean, and that we work for Jesus and do not become cold, luke warm and lazy, then will we grow into Christ.

#### Moody's Own Methods

William R. Moody, in writing for the Saturday Evening Post the life of his father, Dwight L. Moody, tells many good stories of the famous evangelist. In his article this week he says: "As a boy in Northfield he had achieved remarkable results in swelling the attendance at the Sunday-School, and so, arguing from that, he conceived the idea that he could be of much value to Plymouth Church as a recruiting agent. Having come to this decision he hired a pew with the understanding that he was to fill it each Sunday. Like everything else he undertook, he fulfilled his commission with intense earnestness and enthusiasm. He did not wait for the young men to come to church, but he went after them, stopping them on street corners, visiting them in their lonely rooms, and even calling them out of saloons. It was altogether new and strange and the novelty of the whole work had an irresistible effect, with the consequence that in a short time young Moody was renting six pews which he filled every Sunday with his strange and motley guests.

"There was a little mission on North Wells Street and he applied for a class. He was told that the sixteen teachers were amply able to instruct the twelve scholars, but if he would provide his own class they would be very glad to have him. This was just what Mr. Moody wanted. Next Sunday there was a sensation. Young Moody opened the door and led in a procession of eighteen little 'hoodlums' whom he had gathered from the streets."

## The Christian Life

### The Name of Jesus

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Weary and spent and fainting—  
For bitter had been the day,  
And rough the road I had traveled—  
At the foot of the cross I lay.  
No prayer could my spirit utter,  
No word my white lips frame;  
With only a breath there fluttered  
From my famished heart the Name.  
The sweet, dear name of Jesus,  
I whispered that—no more;  
But straight there thrilled an answer  
Deep to my being's core.  
Soul of my soul was lifted  
By the wondrous strength that came,  
In an instant, swift from heaven,  
At the mention of the Name.  
The tears that from my weakness  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
Were dried by the gentle touch of him,  
The Father's equal Son.  
'Twas God who stooped to help me,  
Whose help I dared to claim,  
When out of the depths I whispered  
The mighty, conquering Name.  
From the foot of the cross, then onward,  
I took my way at length;  
Not now in pain and feebleness,  
But on from strength to strength.  
For love had given me courage,  
No foe my face could shame;  
By faith my soul had spoken,  
In its hour of need, the Name.

—Sunday School Times.

### PRAYER MEETING TOPICS

#### WAR

Lesson: Psalm 46:

#### I Thought Right in Ancient Times

- 1 David thought God approved war, Psalm 144:1; II Sam. 22:35.
- 2 Moses was commanded of God to make war, Num. 31:1-3; Deut. 7:1-3.
- 3 But even in these cases it was a war of liberty, or to prevent idolatry.

#### II Even in Ancient Times it Was Discouraged.

- 1 David, the warrior, was not permitted to build the Temple, I Chron. 28:3.
- 2 David recognized that war was contrary to God's spirit and purpose, Ps. 46:9; 76:3.
- 3 Isaiah prophesied of a time when wars should cease, Is. 2:4.
- 4 Also Micah, Mic. 4:3.
- 5 Also Hosea, Hos. 2:18.

#### III Christ and His Apostles Opposed War and its Spirit.

- 1 His doctrine of non-resistance teaches it fundamentally, Matt. 5:39.
- 2 Jesus said his kingdom is not of this world else his servants would fight; John 18:36.
- 3 When Peter drew his sword to defend Jesus on the night of his arrest, Jesus rebuked him, Jno. 18:11.
- a. If ever, fighting was allowable when Jesus was about to be taken.
- 4 Paul says the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, II Cor. 10:3, 4.

#### IV Remarks.

- 1 Certainly anything that has as much of cruelty, blood-shed and hate in it as war cannot be of the spirit of Jesus.
- 2 General Sherman said, "War is hell," and experience proves it.
- 3 Let us as a peace people work for peace and the settlement of national disputes thru peaceful means.
- 4 The Arbitration Conference held in Brussels last summer is a suggestion of the time coming when war shall be no more.

J. L. GILLIN.

### HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The traveler thru the wildest regions of ancient Palestine was sometimes surprised by coming upon a thrifty olive tree growing in the scanty earth that covers the flinty rocks. Or in the clefts of the rocks he would find a busy colony of bees; and the comb would be dripping with the delicious outflow of wild honey. All the more welcome to him would be this liquid sweetness because found in an unexpected place. Bare, bald, bleak rocks may furnish a perch for eagles or a nestling place for wild conies; but golden wheat never waves over them, nor does the vine mantle their rough cheeks with purple clusters. Yet out of these very rocks came the luscious honeycomb, and out of their crevices grew the fruitful olive tree! To these facts the song of Moses refers—in the Book of Deuteronomy—when he says that the Lord's people shall "suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Beautifully does this fact in natural history illustrate how the Christian often finds rich blessings in unexpected quarters. No season may be so honey-yielding and oil-producing as the flinty days of adversity. At such times his religion is more prized and the things of earth lose their luster. When earthly cisterns dry up and earthly treasures vanish the soul finds in Jesus a truer possession and a sweeter satisfaction. The honeycomb does not fail. All precious graces—the godly contentment, the sense of assurance in the Beloved, fellowship with the Comforter, hopes of heaven—all these flow forth from the inward union with Him who is the Fount-head of the life everlasting. A believer with the Bible in his hand and the Savior in his heart can, even in the seasons of sharpest trial, draw "honey from the rock."

How wonderfully God discovers to his people their perennial comforts and consolations in the flinty places of sore troubles and bereavements! Do we lose our property? Then we go up to our divine treasure keeper and inquire after our soul's investments, and find that they are all safe. Do our fair-weather friends drop away in the dark days of adversity? Then we draw up closer to him who saith, "I will never forsake thee." Do we bury up under the turf the darling of our crib, or the sweet-voiced wife that filled home with heart melodies, or the dear old mother whose armchair was next in sacredness to our family altar? Then our thoughts fasten more closely on that homestead beyond the clouds into which the spoiler never enters. The unseen things become visible. Christ becomes nearer and infinitely dearer. Prayer takes stronger hold on the promises. Faith has a clearer vision, and life becomes more disentangled from the harassing worries and absorptions of worldliness. Probably we were very loath to be driven away into these rock regions of trial. We prayed to be kept out of them; for there is not a living Christian—even the best of them—who covets affliction. But when we were forced